THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 1, 1808.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of CHANCERY,

Monday, July 4.

IN THE MATTER OF BRUTON FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. EX PARTE THE REV. WILLIAM COSENS.

MR. HOLLEST stated, that this was a petition praying for the restoration of Mr. Cosens to the office of master to the school in question; that letters patent were granted to the monastery and abbot of Bruton, in the county of Somerset, by King Edward the Sixth, for this charity, with the manor of Blyntfield, in Dorsetshire, in support thereof, directing twelve prudent and discreet persons to be chosen for carrying into effect the trusts of the institution; that Mr. Mitchel was chosen in 1769, by the corporation, as schoolmaster, at 50l. per annum, but that the salary was raised in 1771 to 80l. a year; that he died in 1799, when the petitioner was elected, during his good behaviour, pursuant to an advertisement in the Sherborne newspaper; that the petitioner is the father of ten legitimate children, and since his appointment to the free grammar school was appointed curate of the parish at 40l. a year; that in 1805, one William Saunders had preferred charges against the master, for not attending during school hours, or not sufficiently instructing the pupils, for giving too many holidays, and for divers omissions in the care and education of William Saunders's two sons and others, as well as the slow progress made by them in the Latin language, &c. &c. that Mr. Cosens was expelled from the school by the governors, in a manner the most illegal, in 1807, on the avowed

ground of his not having signed the articles proposed at the time of his election; that the school was long a sinecure, as no boys attended; and that the mode of raising the salary from 10l. to 80l. was by a proposal from the corporation to the master of a premium of 5l. per annum for every boarder or scholar within the corporation he could bring to the school, 'till the increase and numbers should amount to that stipulation. The learned counsel stated that he stood alone in this petition for Mr. Cosens, owing to some management on the other side, in depriving his client of the powerful abilities of his learned friend Sir Samuel Romilly, by a retainer; but he said he would confidently rest his case on the evidence on behalf of the petitioner, and trust to his lordship's acute discernment for the developement of this foul and wicked conspiracy against a respectable clergyman, to deprive him of the means of supporting a large and helpless family.

The bishop of Bath, when consulted, gave his opinion, he observed, against the right of the governors to do more than consult, and lay the case before him previous to the act of expulsion. He offered his assistance, and recommended it to them to enquire for, and get a disinterested person to examine into the business and report thereon, without favour or partiality. He contended that the expulsion was quite unfounded, and the prosecution by Mr. Saunders, instituted twelve months after he had removed his sons, was to be discountenanced, as originating in evil motives, and that William, the son of Mr. Saunders, was a well-known liar, and dull or refractory as a scholar, and a truant, &c. &c.

To an observation from the lord chancellor, that the attorney-general might be the proper person to proceed by information in this case,

Mr. Hollest replied, that this being a royal grant or foundation, it was, in his judgment, more fit for his lordship, as a visitor, in place of the king, to examine into the business, with or without the assistance of the bishop of Bath and Wells.

His lordship observed, that he could wish a commission to be issued to examine all the free schools in the kingdom, and to report the abuses of their revenues, which he feared were generally misapplied. He did not see, he said, how the funds of this foundation were applied, what their amount was, or the nature of the articles required to be subscribed by the schoolmaster.

Mr. Hollest stated, that it was in evidence that Mrs. Codner, one of the deponents, had sworn, she had removed from London to the county of Devon, and from thence to Bruton, with Mr. Cosens, for the sole purpose of having her children under his care, from her knowledge and good opinion of him; and that at Bruton she boarded and lodged in his house, and was perfectly

perfectly conversant with the treatment given to her sons and the other scholars. That a Mrs. Luckmore, who had two sons likewise there, and a great number of young men educated by Mr. Cosens, had also deposed in his favour; that a Mr. Sampson, for 30 years past a governor of the school, deposed that the motives, he believed, for the expulsion and proceedings by the governors were not dictated by a concern for the prosperity of the school, but by vindictive and malicious feelings, and that from his abhorrence of these proceedings, he had procured his own name to be erased from the list of governors. All these affidavits were commented upon fully by Mr. Hollest.

Mr. Richards, for the defendants, the governors, stated from their respective affidavits that their motives were quite pure; and that Mr. Cosens was acting as a farmer, playing fives, and attending to other avocations in school time. That Mr. Saunders had deposed to the purity of his motives in the prosecution of the charges; and that various affidavits were procured, and one from a Mr. Smith, the present teacher of young Saunders, giving him an excellent character for veracity and honour, and stating his progress in learning to be equal to that of others, but that he was defective in his grammar when he came to him from Mr. Cosens. Here the lord chancellor observed, that the charges in the affidavits now appearing, not being contained in the charges before the governors below, did not require of Mr. Cosens a refutation of them, although he had made a very correct affidavit, if required, against them. Mr. Richards contended that the evidence was strong against Mr. Cosens.

The chancellor observed, that no statutes or ordinances were made, nor any application to the bishop to the effect of making regulations respecting the hours or degree of attendance to be required of the schoolmaster of this school; and added that Mr. Cosens was quite right in not signing any terms; he also observed, that the governors, as appeared from their own affidavits, which stated them to have acted from their own inspection and observation in the business, had yet overlooked the alledged negligence for many years until 1807, although on the spot.

Mr. Richards stated facts from the affidavits of ten of the governors in support of his statement, of whom Mr. Saunders, the prosecutor, was one since 1805, and added that no malice had influenced them in their sentence of expulsion, which they gave in discharge of their duty, according to the best of their judgment. He argued that if there were no articles there could be no opportunity. To which Mr. Hollest replied that

Mr. Cosens was elected, and that was sufficient for the order of restoration now prayed for.

Hearing adjourned.

SIR Samuel Romilly, in this adjourned motion, argued on behalf of the defendants. It was, he said, an appeal to his lordship as visitor from the sentence of ten out of twelve very respectable governors of the school in question. That the petitioner had acquiesced in the sentence of expulsion, and had never thought of appealing to his lordship 'till May last, nor had Mr. Saunders, the prosecutor, voted on the sentence of expulsion; so that no just objection appeared to be established to the proceedings, nor any sufficient grounds for discrediting the purity of the motives of the governors, as they had fully deposed to such purity. He submitted that it would be necessary for his lordship, as visitor, to have the witnesses examined before him *ore tenus*, in the same manner that the governors had, to satify him of the merits of the case; that among these governors was Admiral Goldsborough, who, with other persons of respectability resided there, and therefore had personal knowledge of the inattention of the master to the duties of his office. He assimilated these governors to jurors—they had a right as jurymen who were selected from the vicinage, and were therefore held more competent to decide on the merits of the case; the subject of the enquiry being wholly matters of fact; that the absence of the master was a neglect, as his presence was necessary to the improvement of his pupils, and that he had employed his son to act for him, whose youth incapacitated him for the duties of the office. He did not on the whole see sufficient grounds for reversing the sentence, but admitted something not quite satisfactory on the face of it.

Mr. Gurdleston, for the defendants, observed, that the affidavits in favour of the petitioners were chiefly made by very young men, who were not competent to form a correct judgment of the facts to which they had sworn.

The chancellor said, it was highly improper to expel the master in the manner they had done. If he had turned farmer, it would have been a ground for removing him—but that was not proved in evidence. It appeared by the affidavits of the governors, that he had been expelled on grounds which formed no part of the charges exhibited against him; and against which he consequently had no opportunity of defending himself. His lordship said, he himself might be charged with negligence; but if such charges were not made known to him, he could not possibly defend himself against them.

Mr. Hollest, in reply, stated, that Mr. Cosens had been engaged in the education of young men for nearly twenty years prior to his election to this school, and nearly eight years subsequently;

sequently; so that no doubt could be entertained of his ability. He would rather, he said, call the governors unfit for their office, were he to judge of them by their affidavits. The first charge alledged by them was, that Mr. Cosens had not signed certain articles which the governors had no right to propose, and he assimilated the present case to that of the school at Grantham, wherein Lord Thurlow restored the usher, who had been expelled without an hearing. He said that his learned friend on the opposite side, Mr Richards, had yesterday observed that it would be of little use for his lordship to send Mr. Cosens back to be expelled again; but that he had no hesitation in saying, from his knowledge of Mr. Cosens as his counsel, (and he had much intercourse with him since the commencement of this business), that from Mr. Cosens's manner of expressing himself on the subject, and from the manner of his defence, there would be little probability of his being again expelled. As to the charge of farming, Mr. Cosens had but a few acres of pasture land; as to the charge of shewing his pigs, as Lord Egremont used to do, he thought that if even his lordship had been presented with some fine Chinese pigs he would feel a pleasure in shewing them to his friends. He finally contended that the governors were perverting and withholding the funds of the charity, and hoped his client would be restored, and that proper statutes, sanctioned by the authority of the bishop, would be enacted.

The lord chancellor here again interposed, and said the governors, under those new statutes, assumed the right of selecting the persons to be educated, and of course, by their influence, could make their own children the exhibitioners; whereas, by the charter, all the children of the town and vicinage were equally entitled to the benefits of the charity.

JUDGMENT.

The lord chancellor said this was a free school, chartered by Edward the Sixth, for insructing the boys of Bruton, and the hamlets adjoining, in the Latin language, on equal terms. The appointment was a complete freehold, so long as the master continued to discharge the duties of the office. The legislature, he believed, must interpose with a strong hand to remedy the abuses which too generally prevail in such institutions. For the trustees, he said, too frequently avail themselves of the necessities of masters to procure them to sign terms, which they have no right to impose. In the present instance the governors admitted they had seen negligence in the master, for years, yet they had not done their duty by noticing it, 'till one of them was induced to do it because he had been offended. Their sentence was obscure, for it did not appear how far they were

were guided in their decision by their own knowledge of facts, and how far by the evidence produced. Expulsion without a hearing would, he thought, be severe treatment for a clergyman and a gentleman of liberal education and learning. Such a sentence he said could not be permitted; and although he should find little difficulty in deciding on this case, yet he would again read all the affidavits, that he might not hold out an encouragement to gentlemen in such situations to neglect the duties of a tutor, or lead the trustees to suppose, that they might exercise arbitrary and uncontrouled power.

Yesterday his lordship stated that he had read over the affidavits again, and that three leading points, presented themselves for his consideration: 1st, That the governors had exhibited some charges to which the master had replied. 2dly, That they had expelled the master because he had refused to sign terms which they had no right to impose—for they had no right to impose any terms, and it would have been highly improper for him to have signed any: and lastly, that they had proceeded upon their own knowledge of facts which they did not communicate to the master, and against which he consequently had no opportunity of defending himself. Under all the circumstances, as by keeping the master out of possession he might do a great evil, without any probability of attaining good, so by ordering him to be restored, he would not preclude the governors from proceeding to establish hereafter any just grounds of accusation that future negligence or misconduct may give rise to, as soon as proper statutes for the regulation of this school were established.

His lordship accordingly directed an order for the restoration of the master.

Account of NEWFOUNDLAND, *and its Inhabitants.*

(Concluded from Page 583.)

THE island of Newfoundland extends in the form of a triangle, about a hundred leagues from east to west, and a hundred and twenty-five from north to south; being situated between 46 and 52 degrees of north latitude. John Gabato, a Venetian, was its first discoverer, under the patronage of Henry the Seventh of England. No advantage was derived from thence, until the lapse of a period of near forty years. Cape Race, and Cape Ray, are the two promontories which present themselves to mariners sailing for the river Saint Lawrence. Eighteen leagues to the westward of the first, appears Cape Saint Mary, which forms the entrance of the bay of Placentia towards the east. This bay is sixteen leagues in breadth, and

and twenty in depth. Towards its head is the harbour, capable of containing in safety 150 vessels, and defended by a fort called Saint Louis. The French were the first Europeans who frequented this situation. Between Placentia and Cape Ray, the western point of the island, two other bays, of considerable extent, penetrate some distance into the country. They are distinguished by the appellations of Fortune and Despair. No settlements have yet been made on their coasts, and they are but little frequented. Cape Ray, together with the island of Saint Paul, about fifteen leagues distant from it, forms the entrance into the gulph of Saint Lawrence; and vessels sailing thither, must pass, in clear weather, in sight of the one or the other. Besides the bays already noticed, this island contains a variety of others, particularly on the eastern coast, among which two are remarkable for their extent; those of Trinity and Conception.—Near the latter is the harbour of Saint John, which is secure and well fortified.

Bordered by dark and gloomy rocks, which exhibit a barren, inhospitable appearance, the country, on a nearer view of its soil, belies not the character of its rude uninviting features, which, amid their nakedness, display neither grandeur nor sublimity. At a league distant from the entrance of Saint John's harbour, no opening in the coast is discernible. A white tower, raised on a precipitous eminence, seems rather intended as a mark to warn vessels of the danger of approaching the rocky shore, than as a beacon to conduct them to a place of safety. On a nearer examination of it, its strength becomes apparent, and no hostile vessel can enter, with impunity, the narrow chasm beneath. This structure, situated on a part of the precipice, on the south side of the entrance of Saint John, is named Fort Amherst. The inlet, called the Narrows, exceeds not five hundred feet in width. On each side, towards the north, the rocks rise to the altitude of four hundred feet; but on the south shore, they are of less elevation.

Heath, juniper, and wild spruce, the offspring of sterility, sparingly cover the rocky surface. The appearance of the harbour and its environs, is, nevertheless, wild and picturesque. In proceeding further up the inlet, a battery, called South Fort, is placed on the left; and another, named Chain Rock, on the right. At a considerable elevation above these, several little forts are seen. A rock, in the form of a cone, is crowned with a battery, constructed under the direction of the late Sir James Wallace, who, in 1796, was vice-admiral on the station, and governor of the island; and with a fifty-gun ship, two frigates, and two sloops of sixteen guns each, made a gallant and successful defence against the attacks of Admiral Richery, whose force consisted of seven ships of the line, and three frigates.

Viewed from the summit of this eminence, the town, and the scaffolds on which the fish are placed to dry, present a singular appearance. These scaffolds are generally forty feet high, and consist of several stages, on the rafters of each of which a quantity of brushwood is placed. They are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the green fish, and also, occasionally, of one or two men. These are erected in every situation, as well in the vallies, as on the margins of the perpendicular rocks.

The town of Saint John borders on the basin, and its situation affords no attractions, except to those whom interest or necessity induces to consult the advantage, rather than the pleasure, arising from diversity of local situation. It contains a church and two chapels, one for the catholic religion, the others for persons of the methodist persuasion; also a court-house, and a custom-house.

An officer of the customs was, until lately, placed at the head of the law department, and decided not only in civil, but in criminal causes. A gentleman who has been bred at the bar, at present fills the station of judge of the island. The buildings are mean, and the streets narrow and dirty. Fort Townshend is placed above the town, and contains the house allotted for the governor, with the store-houses and magazines, which form a square. From hence, the entrance, the harbour, the narrows sunk between elevated precipices; and the water, covered with small vessels, passing and re-passing, form a very lively and busy scene; these, together with the town, and the adjacent country, diversified by lakes and verdant borders, exhibit, in the midst of a barren wild, a combination which may, for a short period, afford the charms of novelty.

Over a place called the Barrens, is a road which leads from Fort Townshend to Fort William, commanding the narrows and the harbour. With the latter, Signal-hill, from whence the approach of ships is announced, communicates. Its perpendicular height from the sea, is four hundred and four feet; and it contains, on its summit, two ponds, affording excellent water.

The Bay of Bulls lies about twenty-eight miles from Saint John's. The internal parts of the island have never yet been explored by the English. A very small portion of land is at present cultivated, as neither the soil nor climate are favourable to productions necessary for the support of life. The duration of summer is too short; and no kind of grain has sufficient time to arrive at maturity. The winter breaks up in May; and, until the end of September, the air is temperate, during which the progress of vegetation is sufficiently rapid. Hay and grass are here of a very indifferent quality. The land is so sparingly covered with soil, that much labour and expence are necessary to produce a crop, which but poorly recompences the industry

of the husbandman. The quantity of ground used for the purposes of cultivation is, therefore, very small; and the prohibition of the parent state against attempts to colonize are, by the sterile nature of the country, rendered almost unnecessary. The fishermen are, in times of warfare, enjoined to return to England; and the merchant is authorized to retain from the wages of each person in his employ, a certain proportion as a provision, in case of incapacity from poverty or sickness, for any individual to return to his country. By this prudent regulation no seaman, thus engaged, can be lost to the service of the state.

The English and French long shared between them the privilege of drying their fish on the coasts of this island; the latter occupying the southern and northern parts, and the former the eastern shores. The interior is composed of mountains, covered with woods of an indifferent quality. The animals found here, are foxes, porcupines, hares, squirrels, lynxes, otters, beavers, wolves, and bears. The chace is difficult, and unattended with profit. The land and water fowl are, partridges, snipes, woodcocks, falcons, geese, ducks, and penguins. In the bays and rivers are found fish of various kinds, such as salmon, eels, herring, mackarel, plaice, trout, and almost every description of shell fish.

Adventure of two Gentlemen of the Name of Cervantes.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT is recorded, to the honour of our nation, that an Englishman was the first to discover the immortal author of Don Quixote, and the few particulars that could be collected relative to his birth and family. In turning over the second volume of Ginés Peres' Civil Wars of Granada, which is no romantic performance like the first volume, but a true history of the rebellion of the Moors of the Alpujarra mountains, that broke out seventy-seven years after the subjugation of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, I found an adventure mentioned of two gentlemen of the name of Cervantes, one of whom was probably the father of Michael Cervantes, of whom we are speaking; their lives being in some particulars remarkably parallel. Hoping it may amuse your readers I have ventured to send a relation of it.

"The marquis of Los Velez, marvelling at the silence of the enemy and hearing of the rout of Alvaro de Flores, and that the marquis of Mondejar had left the army, was in sus-

pence how to act; whether to continue his march, or to retreat from Verja; having no orders from court, or from Don John of Austria, who was then in Granada, attending, as generalissimo, to the conduct of the war, the protraction whereof made him very uneasy, as he knew it never could be terminated without more spirit and vigour in the prosecution: for the moment the petty king was pursued, without waiting the attack, he fled through inaccessible mountainous places, returning again at his pleasure when the Christians retreated. The Moors were from their infancy accustomed to these rocks, and were moreover acquainted with many caverns that never could be discovered, wherein they had stored up quantities of wheat and barley, maize, honey, oil, and cloth enough to last for ten years, if the war had continued so long. In this uncertainty the marquis wished to know where Ferdinand Muley, the petty king, was; and as his spies were dispersed every where, it was not long before one of them, a Moor, came running hastily to the camp, to acquaint him that the petty king had left Valor, his head station, four days ago, and was then advancing with a great army to attack him; cautioning him therefore to be upon his guard; which being all the intelligence he could impart, the marquis rewarded him for his pains, and ordered him to be well treated by his people.

"The marquis then sent for two brothers, of the name of James and Francis Cervantes, who had each of them been captives many years, and spoke the Moorish language fluently. Engaging them to equip themselves in Moorish dresses, he requested them to search the mountains in the neighbourhood of the camp, and, if possible, secure one of the enemy's spies. These Cervantes therefore (who, some affirm, were natives of Alhama, near Murcia, others of Vera, but who at any rate were excellent soldiers: and when the war was over I knew them, as they were captains in the squadrons of Almeria and Vera, and performed many gallant actions, for which one of them was afterwards made a captain of his majesty's own troops) taking the Andarax road, began to ascend the mountain, and presently discovered two tracks, neither of them apparently much frequented; when James Cervantes engaging his brother to take one of them, took the other himself, agreeing to meet at day-break on the spot where the tracks parted.

"James had proceeded but half a league before he perceived a round hill surrounded by several smaller hills, and knowing perfectly the nature of these mountainous regions, he immediately concluded from the disposition of the places that there must be a watch thereabouts, as it was adapted to overlook the adjacent country. Resolving to know if his conjectures were well-founded, he began to ascend the hill, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the top, which as he approached

nearer,

nearer, he retreated from the foot-way in order to climb up unperceived; and had not advanced six paces before he heard a small whistle, and presently after discovered three Moors upon the watch. Gaining at length the top of the hill, James Cervantes addressed the Moors in Arabic, and began to converse with them about the war; when watching his opportunity, he dispatched two of the number, and before the third had time to escape, seized fast hold of him, and, binding his arms with a cord, made him walk before him back to the camp. It now grew late, when James coming to the place where the paths separated, sat down to wait for his brother, who shortly after made his appearance with another Moor, bound in a similar manner, and wounded.

"This Moor was a native of Boloduy, a young man of good shape and features, who, being greatly enamoured of a lovely Moorish damsel, then a captive in the camp of the marquis, resolved to run every hazard in order to learn what was become of her, whether she was dead or living. For this purpose he was going to Verja by this unfrequented path-way, when Francis Cervantes met him, and attacking him furiously the Moor fired off his musket to no effect; Cervantes then closed with him, and gave him a deep cut with his sabre: but the Moor valiantly drawing his scimitar engaged his adversary, whose aim was rather to seize him alive, than to slay him: and fortune therein favoured his intentions; for the Moor, stumbling upon a bush of rosemary, fell, and before he had time to rise, Cervantes, darting upon him with the spirit of a lion and swiftness of an eagle, grasped firmly hold of him, exclaiming, 'Yield thee, Moor, or this dagger shall terminate thy life.'

"The Moor lamenting his disaster, but disdaining death, threw away his scimitar, and replied with a deep sigh, 'I yield, Christian, but had rather die than live, since fortune is my enemy, and brings me to this lamentable pass. Not valour merely, but chance, stood your friend. Lead me whither you please; I am indifferent about it: I cannot be more injured than I am injured already.' Again he sighed deeply, moving Cervantes to compassion, who thereupon gave him his hand to assist him to rise, but bound his arms with the sling of the Moor's gun; and taking both that and the scimitar away, he traversed back the path in quest of his brother, whom he had soon the satisfaction to meet.

"Not caring to spend the rest of the night in this place, they returned to the camp; and being challenged by the guard, gave the soldiers to understand their success, who having apprized the general, they were immediately conducted to him, and the marquis highly commended their courage and diligence, and ordered refreshments to be set before them. The Moor taken by James Cervantes was first led into his presence;

but as he refused to speak, the torture was applied, by anointing the soles of his feet with oil, and exposing them to the fire, which being exceedingly painful, the Moor soon exclaimed he would 'tell what he knew, and being unbound addressed his speech to the marquis in these words.

"I am, most noble marquis, a native of Andarax, my name is Alhondin. When the war commenced, myself and my three brothers joined the Moorish king's standard, from the ardent desire of liberty, that moved the whole kingdom to arms. Upon the death of Alvaro de Flores, Abenhumeya, elated to the highest pitch of glory, in his own imagination, resolved to pour the whole strength of his army upon you; and, dividing it into three squadrons, he gave the first command to Derri, who leads eight thousand men: the second of like strength to Habaqui; and the third of six thousand, all Monfies, to the brave Albounuayle. They are now on the march to attack your camp in three different quarters; the first by Dallias, the next by Adara, and the last by the street of the water-course; but the chief attack will be where the women are confined, whom they wish to liberate. This is all I know; but you have no time to lose; you will be attacked before morning, and the Moors come in camisade, with white shirts over their garments, the better to distinguish one another."

The marquis, surprized at the strength of the petty king's army, ordered the Moor to be securely guarded, and the one taken by Francis Cervantes to be led in, to learn if their information corresponded.

The marquis, well assured of the truth of this intelligence, made proper dispositions for the approaching attack, making the square of Verja his *corps de garde*, and stationing his troops in the several streets where he had been warned to expect the enemy, whom, as the sequel of the history informs us, he effectually repulsed.

Your's, &c.

T. RODD.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 46.

TO THE EDITOR.

EVERY anecdote, however trivial, that serves to illustrate such an extraordinary character as that of Bonaparte, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of the public. On the authenticity of the following you may safely depend; and as I have never met with them in print, I believe them to be perfectly

fectly original; or, at least, they are so to *me*. I heard them related by a gentleman that happened to be at Paris when they occurred.

When the inhuman monster (gorged with the blood of millions, yet still unsatisfied) doomed the unfortunate Duke D'Enghein to be sacrificed on the reeking altar of barbarous usurpation, every argument was used to divert him from his purpose. His venerable mother, and the wife of his bosom, both prostrated themselves at his feet, and implored, with tears, a revocation of the fatal decree. But neither filial affection (if, indeed, he ever experienced such an emotion), neither maternal intreaties, nor the tears of Josephine, could melt the iron-hearted murderer to compassion. He spurned the weeping suppliants from his presence. After this unsuccessful application, Lucien (the only man of principle of the fraternity, and who had then considerable influence over Bonaparte) resolved to exert himself in behalf of the ill-fated duke. He accordingly demanded a private audience of his brother, which was immediately granted; when Lucien pointed out in a very clear light, not only the injustice and cruelty, but also the *impolicy* of such an outrage on humanity. But he might as well have talked to the winds. The tyrant was inexorable. Lucien, however, in the warmth of his zeal, expressed his abhorrence so strongly, that a torrent of mutual abuse ensued, when, with noble indignation, taking from his pocket a splendid watch, which he had previously received as a present from Bonaparte, the generous brother dashed it to atoms on the ground, loudly exclaiming, "Such be the fate of all *tyrants!* May they be *crushed* like that watch!"

Another anecdote will give you some idea of the usurper's gallantry.

All the gay belles of Paris (as might naturally be expected) attended his pompous coronation, attired in the most splendid and fashionable manner. At the conclusion of the farcical ceremony the *mighty emperor* thought it expedient to pay them some compliment. With this resolution, he walks up to the first of a long string of ladies, and addresses her with "What is your name? Are you married? What is your husband? How many children have you?" "So and so, Sire." "Madam, I wish you a very good morning." He proceeds to the second—"What is your name? Are you married? What is your husband? How many children have you?"

And in this truly gallant manner did the supreme head of the politest nation in the world catechize many hundreds of his fair attendants, much, no doubt, to the amusement of the surrounding multitude.

Your's, Mr. Editor,

X.

Mrs.

MRS. RHYMER TO THE EDITOR.

I fondly hoped, Sir, that my former letter to you might have checked the progress of my husband's poetical mania; but I am wretchedly mistaken; for he still continues his nonsensical pursuits, greatly to the detriment both of his fortune and fame. I am therefore determined to lay hold of every opportunity of exposing him to public ridicule, as the only possible method of accomplishing a reformation. To this intent I send you a few extracts from his pocket-journal, which, it strikes me, I mentioned in my last.

MONDAY.

Welcome ye glories of irradiant morn,
That from the mountain's misty summit dart,
Athwart my devious way.

The red cow had a fine bull-calf about six o'clock, A. M.—Peter says that *Horace* is a little lame in the left leg. Send him to the farrier.

Washing day,
The Devil to pay.

TUESDAY.

" Farewell—a long farewell to all my greatness.
This is the fate of man."

To lose a fine bull-calf, not four and twenty hours old. He fell into a deep ditch, and my wife attributed the accident to *me!* I asked her whether she thought me base enough to drive the young gentleman in? She said " No," but still persisted in her asseveration.

Query.—Is not this somewhat paradoxical? I *did* and I did *not*. Oh ye guardian spirits of philosophy assist me!

" Hence loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian caves forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy."

Horace still limps, and the red cow keeps a constant moaning. But whose fault is that? *Nescio.*

WEDNESDAY.

Wife worse than ever. In her way to market, old *Homer* tumbled her, heels over head, into the ditch, and played the very deuce with her; breaking her eggs, and bruising her legs.

Fortune! capricious fortune! thou delight'st
In ups and downs.

Peter declares that my wife's prostration was owing to Homer's want of shoes, and I have consequently committed him to the custody of Vulcan. But I rather think that my old faithful quadruped is frequently under the influence of *sloth*—verifying the saying,

"Aliquando dormitat Homerus."

THURSDAY.

Three o'Clock, A.M.

"I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost."

Ate hogspuddings for supper last night, and dreamed that the great sow, with a whole litter of roasters, lay grunting on my stomach. Loitered into the hay field, and wrote the following

SONNET TO A COW-DAB.

Hence, hideous offspring of the udder'd cow!
Nauseous to smell, and to the eye obscene!
Griming full oft the meadow's spiry green,
Like a foul spot on beauty's virgin brow.

Yet why, poor dab, disdain thee? Thou wert once
Sweet herbage, moist with morning's balmy dew,
And form'd a verdant crown for nature's sconce,
Where many a daisy innocently grew.

Oh what a change is here! The waving blade—
The fragrant clover—and the gold-cup bright—
(Swift as the fleeting meteors of the night)
Are lost for ever in thy miry shade.

And thus poor worldlings lift their heads awhile,
Then sink, and form (like thee) an excremental pile.

Oh, Mr. Editor, Mr. Editor—what shall I do to bring this unfortunate husband of mine to his sober senses. That he has *lost* them, the preceding extracts amply attest; and if he does not alter for the better, I shall certainly lose mine also.

Adieu,
From your afflicted servant,
MARGERY RHYMER.

X.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS PARTICULARS *of* RUNNING FOOTMEN.

THE Romans had an *ante-ambulo*, whose express office it was to deliver messages, and also *veredarii*, who carried letters with wonderful speed. One, or both of these united, gave birth to the *running footmen*.

They were however rivalled in this nation. Mr. Smythe says in his M. S. Lives of the Berkeley's, "Langham, an Irish footman of this lord [Henry Lord Berkely, in the reign of Eliz.] upon the sickness of the Lady Catherine, this lord's wife, carried a letter from Callowdon to old Doctor Fryer, a physician dwelling in Little Britaine, in London, and returned with a glass bottle in his hand, compounded by the doctor for the recovery of her health; a journey of 148 miles performed by him in less than 42 houres, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physision and apothecary's houses, which noe one else could have so well and safely performed."

Howell says, "You writ to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will fit you. I know he can run well for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again; yet though he hath a running head, as well as running heels (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man,) I would not part with him, were I not to go post to the north. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries: he will come when you call him, go, when you tell him, and shut the door after him: he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master. He is a great enemy to all dogs if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down. When you go a country journey, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, or else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard, 'tis subject to fall into his toes."

Lord Berkeley's running footman was an Irishman. Running has ever been a favourite and necessary accomplishment of barbarous nations, as now of the American Indians. The heroes of Fingal were great runners; so were our ancestors the Britons. Giraldus Cambrensis says, that the Welch passed days and nights in running over the tops of hills and penetrating woods.

From the above passage of Howell it appears, that *he* limits the term *footman*, to these pedestrians. But *one footman*, and that a *running one*, was kept in families, after the invention of coaches, at least, but one to whom that term was generally perhaps applied. Taylor says all the serving men are converted into two or three animals, *videlicit*, a butterfly, page, a *trotting* footman, a stiff-drinking coachman, a cooke, a clarke, a steward, and a butler. In the English *Dictionarie*, or an in-

terpreter of hard English words, by H. C. gent. 12mo. 1682; we have no *footman*, but a "*swift footman*," *celeripedian*.

An ANECDOTE.

ALEXANDER the Great led his army by the side of a river, the enemy lying along the bank, in a hot season. The thirsty soldiers cast their eyes, he observed, on the flowing water. Lest, by drinking, they should break their ranks, and their march should be impeded, he commanded the herald to proclaim, that "they should refrain drinking from that river, for the water had a deadly quality." They abstained from fear, and quickened their march. He pushed his rout, and fixed his tents, and then he and his officers, in the sight of the soldiers, drank at the river. They all laughed on discovering the deceit, and quenched their thirst without any apprehension.

HOPE.

IT is impossible fully to conceive the wretchedness of that man's situation whose heart owns not the pleasing delight of expectation or hope. Life would be to him a dreary blank, without one consolatory ray to chear the darkness spread around by moral certainty. He would even want one grand impulse to action; for if he could build no joys upon the basis of future probability, he would have no wish to act beyond the present moment, or to engage in any thing which did not terminate immediately in himself.

Hope is the foundation on which we build every pleasing expectation of life; it is that which makes the poor man toil contentedly; which bids the rich dissipate their wealth; and which diffuses a ray of gladness even through the melancholy gloom of a prison; it is for this "we bear to live or dare to die." Hope frequently produces more solid joy while existing as a passion of the mind, than it does when all its joys are realised. This assertion is at least true with regard to the comforts of this world.

A QUESTION, *by Triangularius, of Mr. Quant's School, at Evershot.*

ADMIT the sun due east, co-declination 70°, and co-latitude 38° 30′. From these data it is required to find the hour from noon, and the sun's altitude at that time, without the assistance of logarthims.

Answer, by W. J. of Ness Revelstoke School, near Plymouth, to J. Woodman's Rebus, inserted May 30.

RIBBON's the thing, I think you will declare,
That's meant by you, which decorates the fair.

† Similar answers have been received from S. D. and Frederic Arden, of South Petherton; J. Melhuish, J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, Poole; J. Tucker, and J. Channon, of Ottery; Rinaldo, of Milbrook; W. Kent, of Camelford; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Salter, Broadhembury; W. G. of Gittisham; J. Osborn, J. Saunders, and Typographus, of Exeter; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; G. Trenchard, Bampton; T. Pearse, Chard; and Corporal Colley, of the East Cornwall volunteers.

Answer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to J. Melhuish's Enigma, inserted June 6.

THO' Troy withstood the Grecian arms,
As ancient histories tell,
The raging FIRE destruction spread,
And soon the city fell.

☞ We have received the like answer from Corporal Colley, of the East Cornwall volunteers; Frederic Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Osborn, Typographus, and J. Treadwin, of Exeter; William Kent, of Camelford; J. Tucker, of Ottery; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, Tiverton; J. Prinn, a fifer in the South Devon militia; W. G. of Gittisham; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; R. I. Paget, Exmouth; Philo Musæus, Yeovil; W. Courtis, Upton Pyne; and C. Crews, of Newton Abbot.

A CHARADE, *by S. Paull, of Castle Cary Academy.*

A Piece of timber is my first;
A space my next you'll find:
And when an answer you transmit
Be sure my whole to mind.

A REBUS, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

IMPRIMIS, gents. you will explore,
What is essential to the poor:
A foreigner pray next disclose,
And then the same aright transpose:
These simple parts connect, and you
A precious stone will bring to view.

A REBUS, *by J. Woodman, of North Curry.*

INGENIOUS bards, I first would have you trace
And find one of the famous feather'd race;
A chosen priest, ordain'd by the just God,
Whose type and signal was a budding rod;
A passion that will never let you rest;
And what should never rankle in your breast;
The hero who by Patroclus was slain;
And then a queen of Lydia obtain:
A righteous person who from Sodom ran:
Join these aright; my whole's with ladies seen.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SONNET,

Written after a long Season of Adversity.

'TIS past! the cruel tempest howls no more;
No more aloft the storm-toss'd billow swells;
But Heaven conducts me to the friendly shore
Where peace presides, and love securely dwells.

Sweet is repose to those whom grief assails;
Sweet to benighted wanderers morn's return;
And doubly sweet the scene where hope prevails,
And joy's bright planet beams on them that mourn.

Oh! what a long and tedious night has past,
Whelm'd in the gloom of comfortless despair!
Since I beheld the realms of pleasure last,
And fondly hop'd to stray for ever there.

But hence with grief! Adieu ye vain alarms!
Again I clasp perfection in my arms.

SYLVIO.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUMMER.

WHEN chanticleer proclaims the dawn of day,
(Ere brilliant Phœbus sheds his sultry ray)
Let drowsy sluggards from their couch arise,
And view the glory of the orient skies:
What lovely scenes attract the wand'ring sight,
Replete with beauty and supreme delight.

What num'rous charms the peasant's eye explores
When pleasing nature opens all her stores;
When smiling summer in her bloom appears,
And all the earth a beauteous aspect wears—
Then as fair Phœbus mounts his radiant car,
With glory crown'd, diffusing light afar:
He wanders forth to view the verdant fields,
Where smiling plenty a rich prospect yields
Of waving grain, profusely scatter'd round
In gay exub'rance o'er the teeming ground,
Rising luxuriant from the fertile soil—
The choicest produce of the reaper's toil.
Oh how delightful doth the scene appear!
A glorious harvest will reward his care.

In ev'ry grove symphonious warblers sing,
And with their voices make the vallies ring;
Enchanting notes throughout the groves resound,
And call forth echo in their airy round.

What

What heartfelt pleasure must that man enjoy
Who constant doth his early hours employ
In healthy exercise! far more than those
Who waste their mornings in supine repose:
If fickle fortune doth their wants supply,
They live like sluggards, and like sluggards die.
Unknown to joys possess'd by rural swains,
Who follow labour to reward their pains.
Who with content enjoy their little store,
Well pleas'd therewith, nor vainly wish for more;
No wrangling factions ever discompose
Their sweet tranquillity, and blest repose.

'Tis noon: now hear the hum of busy flies
That bask unnumber'd in the summer skies:
The flocks and herds across the plains and glades,
In circles run to meet the cooling shades.
At length a ling'ring ray on yonder tow'r
Shews the approach of ev'ning's peaceful hour;
Now, underneath the oak's thick branches, see
Young rustics meet, replete with mirth and glee.
Hither the cheerful village maids advance,
Elate with joy, and form the rural dance.
'Till shades prevail, or Cynthia smiles serene,
When all retire, and close the beauteous scene.
Happy is he who lives in scenes like these,
Possess'd of charms which never fail to please.

Tiverton. R. LOOSEMOORE.

THE POOR ORPHAN MAID.

Written by Mr. JOHN ASHLEY, *of Bath.*

ATTEND, Oh! ye fair ones, by good fortune blest,
My sad tale of sorrow regard!
Oh! kindly relieve a poor orphan distress'd,
And angels the deed will reward!
Ere with infantine lisp I a smile could command,
My parents Heaven took to its care,
My cradle was rock'd by cold penury's hand,
And my lullaby songs breath'd despair;
From yon turf-built hut I've for charity stray'd,
Then pity, Oh! pity a poor orphan maid!

Amidst dreary winter, when winds chilly blow,
And isicles hang on my cot,
I sigh, when at eve, by the embers faint glow,
I sit and deplore my sad lot.
Yet one ray of comfort illumines the gloom,
Sweet hope, like a peace-giving dove,
Still hovers around me, to soften my doom,
And points to the mansions above!
From yon turf-built hut I've for charity stray'd,
Then pity, Oh! pity a poor orphan maid!

Extempore, to Mr. Richard Rawbone, of Hythe, on his asking the Author to write his Epitaph.

BENEATH this stone lies Dick Rawbone,
His age three score and ten:
He ne'er did good, nor ever would,
Tho' he had liv'd it again.